

News and Comment  
Written by Experts

# STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By  
L. REDINGTON

## Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

### III.—THE LOOSENING UP OF HOGAN

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm  
and Other Tales of the Big League"

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"AND five better than you again," "Handsome Harry" McCarter, sometimes known as the Dayton Adonis, sometimes as "the Mississippi river gambler," and at all times as the best spitball pitcher with a second division team, leaned back against the cushions of the private car, bunched his small straight and patted his nose with it while he weighed the chances and studied the frank, open countenance of Bush Hawley, the youthful outfielder. The Ponies were on four and the nightly poker game was just beginning.

The Ponies worked at professional baseball for a living, but the only national pastime they recognized was the ancient and honorable game of draw poker. As working men, they might finish in seventh place every little while, with six teams in front of them and the cellar champions clamoring behind, but drop them into a poker league and the Ponies would be found bawling away high up in the first division.

They were a fine bunch of athletes, running to long waistcoats, the early twenties, cards, dice and single cussedness—the most happy go lucky, devil may care for we don't out in the league.

Monk Lawson, who, flattered himself that he managed the Ponies, did not believe in carrying women with a ball club. In his youth, when as he so often remarked, he had been "some pitcher, boss, some pitcher," he had traveled with one married club and the experience had lasted him for years. He fancied unmarried men, so he signed them.

And now, having stilled long enough to give the old Mississippi river gambler a chance to figure out the situation and estimate the value of his two to the six straight, we return to the poker game.

"I bet him a buck after the draw," mused the handsome one, "and he raised me five—raised me five. He's just about frightened up on me." McCarter marked a cross upon the table and traced an imaginary line toward his pile of chips. "Cross shows where the ole Mississippi river gambler was shot through the heart," said he whimsically. "Dotted lines indicates which way they drug him out. All right, Bush. I got to call. How big is your full house?"

"I'm out on a limb," said Bush sadly, showing the chips toward McCarter. "I was trying to get by with two big pair, and you went and hooked up a straight on me. I'm ruined."

"What I don't understand is why you didn't raise the pants off Bush instead of just calling. It looked to me as if that should have been the play."

It was a new voice, and the poker experts looked up for an instant. Harry McCarter snorted loudly and began riffling the cards.

"If you know so much about poker," said he sneeringly, "it's a wonder to me you wouldn't sit into one of these games once in a while and teach us how to play five cards. We don't bar nobody. It's an open game, Hogan."

The young man addressed as Hogan, who was perched upon the back of the seat across the aisle closely following the progress of the poker game, flushed slightly, but made no reply. McCarter's remark had been an innocent one, but the sneer gave an ugly sting to the words. Hogan was not thick skinned, and he had read resentment, if not open hostility, in the short glance the players had given him.

A few moments later he climbed down from his perch, yawned, stretched, and moved away toward the smoking compartment. He was neither tired nor sleepy, but he did not want the poker party to know that he had been driven away.

Hogan sat in the smoking room curled up on a leather couch and staring out of the window at the night lights as they whisked by the flying windows. Hogan was not a mind reader, and his ears were not burning. Nevertheless he knew that he was being discussed by his fellows, and the thought was not a pleasant one, for he could guess what they were talking about.

could not blame his teammates for keeping him outside the circle of intimate relationship.

Hogan knew all this. He would have given much for the good will of his teammates, but he was not in a position to explain matters or set up any defense. So he went early to bed for lack of some one to talk with, and the click and rattle of poker chips soothed him to sleep.

From the beginning Hogan had been somewhat of a mystery. The paragraphs, who love to delve into the past of every recruit, had been forced to accept a bare statement that he came from the west somewhere—and that might have been any town between San Diego and Nome.

When Hogan began to pitch and his remarkable jump ball attained a reputation several seasons on the trail of will-o-the-wisp contract jumpers made it their business to take a good look at Monk Lawson's find, but not one of them was able to state that he had ever seen Hogan before. Not even Ernie Langdon, who knows the home town of every man in any league, was able to "get a line" on Hogan, who came whirling into the baseball firmament, a rocket from regions unknown.

Monk Lawson, who claimed that he had discovered the new phenomenon, knew very little about him and was bound by a promise not to tell the little he knew.

The Ponies were in spring training when the unknown made his first appearance and sought out the manager.

"Mr. Lawson, I understand you are in the market for a good pitcher or two?" said the stranger.

Monk grinned. His scouts had been scurrying the country for pitching material, and all the fans between the Golden Gate and Sundry Hook were aware of the fact. Lawson had been looking over the season's catch, and he was not optimistic about it, so he grunted.

"I'll make you a business proposition," said the unknown. "I believe I can win two-thirds of my games with this club."

Monk grinned. "Just a second," said the stranger. "You're a business man. I take it. If I pitch thirty games for you and win twenty of them I want \$3,000 and my expenses for the season. If I fall below that mark you pay nothing but the expenses. I'm willing to gamble; are you?"

"See here," said Lawson, "what makes you think you can win two-thirds of your games in a real league? You ever done any pitching in fast company?"

"Never."

"Then you're crazy!"

"Not until you've seen me work," persisted the stranger. "Give me a few days to lumber up in, and then try me."



Hogan Worked Out With the Rest of the Squab Pitchers.

[Posed by the St. Louis Browns' recruits.] out against your regular team. I'll gamble on the showing I'll make. In the meantime it doesn't cost you a cent. What more do you want? You can't lose anything, and you may win it that fair enough?"

"It is," said Monk. "What's your name, young fellow?"

"Hogan."

"Hogan? You don't look like a Hogan to me."

"John J. Hogan," said the young

## PROGRAM IS OUT FOR THE COAST SWIMMING MEET

Entry blanks have been received here for the big national invitational swimming meet to be held at Sutro tank, San Francisco, July 3 and 4. The first events will be held at night, the first race being timed for 8 o'clock and the second day's program will start in the afternoon.

This is the meet that the champion Illinois Athletic club swimmers of Chicago are coming out to compete in, and a full team from Honolulu will also be on hand to go against the easterners and coasters.

There will be two meets in one, the full program for the two days, consisting of 17 events, which do not include heats which will undoubtedly have to be swum. The state Y. M. C. A. swimming championship events will be run off during the course of the meet, and 50 and 100 yard ladies' races will also be contested, the latter being sanctioned and under the auspices of the National Woman's Life Saving League.

All races are open to amateur swimmers only. The Y. M. C. A. events are open to swimmers of that organization from any part of the state, while the other events, including the girls' races, are open to swimmers from any part of the country. Gold silver and bronze medals will be awarded in each event and a special trophy to the club winning the team prize.

The program for the national events will be: 50 yards, 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, 880 yards, 150 yard back stroke, 200 yard breast stroke, 300 yard relay, each man swimming 75 yards; springboard diving.

The Y. M. C. A. championship events will be 25 yards for boys under 80 pounds; 100, 220 and 440 unlimited weight swimmers. The open events on the program will be 50 yards for juveniles, 50 yards for novices, 50 yards for ladies and 100 yards for ladies.

Adjutant General Gardner W. Pearson of Lowell was retired from active military service by Governor Walsh of Massachusetts.

Maurice Lewkowitz was sentenced to 99 years in prison for his part in an attack upon Mrs. Gertrude Shidler, a nurse of Kansas City.



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man. "It's a good baseball name."

"It's all of that," said Monk, "but what is your regular moniker?"

"That's my business."

"Humph!" said Monk.

Nevertheless, Hogan worked out with the rest of the squad pitchers for ten days or so, sweat of eight or ten pounds of fat, paid his own expenses at the hotel and earned his chance to pitch a practice game against the regular lineup.

That night Monk Lawson brought out a contract, and there was a long conference.

"Now, see here," said the manager. "I want to know about this. Who did you pitch with last?"

"A college team," said Hogan.

"Can that stuff," said Lawson. "Can I? I want to know."

"I've told you."

"On the level?"

"On the level."

"Well, you're a bird, then. Nobody's got any strings on you? No contracts lying around?"

"Not the scratch of a pen."

"All right. You're on."

"One thing more," said Hogan. "I would rather nothing was said about the terms of this contract. If anybody asks you, my name is Hogan, and I'm from—well, say Texas. That's a big state. Family reasons, understand?"

"I won't say a word," promised Lawson. "They'd probably think I was crazy to give a man a contract like this, and they'd know you were crazy for signing it. I'm willing to make it \$1,500 for the season on a straight salary basis, no matter how many games you win or lose. Better think that over again."

"No," said Hogan. "Three thousand or nothing. I'll take the chance, and if I win the twenty games I won't be robbing you of anything at that."

"I should say not."

Toward the end of August it was a foregone conclusion that John J. Hogan would win his reckless gamble. He had been one of the sensational pitching discoveries of the year.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

## INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTING NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The first match of the McKinley high school girls' singles tennis tournament was played yesterday afternoon between Miss Martha McCarthy and Miss Martha McKeague. Although the former won two sets straight, both were fast and afforded these present an exciting afternoon. The final score was 6-4, 6-4, in favor of Miss McCarthy. The rest of the matches will be run off regularly for the school closes in about two weeks.

In the finals of the Panahou Preparatory girls' singles tennis tournament Miss May Gay easily defeated Miss Jessie Baldwin, taking the final match Miss Gay captures the right of having her name inscribed on the handsome cup offered by Mr. C. H. Paris to the girl in the school who wins the tournament three times. The final score of the contest was 6-2, 6-2, 6-0.

It looks as though Ernest Wicke and Roy Bush would be the men in the final round of the McKinley high school's tennis tournament for up to date these two have proved the strongest. Bush has only to defeat Sam Kahalewai to reach the finals, while Wicke has to play the winner of the match between Ichi and Carter, besides another with Lee. A number of dark horses have sprung surprises and the next few matches should prove interesting and close.

The first scheduled game between the Mills school and McKinley High, which was called off on account of rain, will be played as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made by the two captains. The Manoa men are anxious to play the game, for another victory will draw them even with the cadets who are at present holding the second place in the lists. Captain Takeuchi of the oriental aggregation wants to pull off the contest as soon as possible as his school closes at an early date.

There has been a lot of talk up at the Panahou academy of late about organizing a shooting team and challenging the Kamehameha cadets. Closson Emory and Malcolm Tuttle, both members of the National Guard, are the chief instigators and they are doing all in their power to pull the thing through. In a meet last year Kam defeated Panahou by a close score, but there are a few gun men up at the academy who think that with a little practice they can put one over on the cadets when it comes to hitting the bull's-eye with a regulation rifle and ammunition. If there is enough interest aroused among the Puns a meet will probably be held some time in the near future.

Captain of the baseball fans of the academy have been trying to arrange an inter-class series to be run off in the three remaining weeks of school. It has been suggested that the seniors and sophomores combine and

### ALL-STUDENT TEAM WILL TACKLE KEIOS

The All-Student aggregation, under the supervision of "Big Bill" Inman, will meet the invading Keio nine on Friday, May 29th. Final plans were drawn up the other day by the leader of the All-Student bunch and all is ready for the contest. Inman feels confident that his team will make the Keios play their hardest to score. He likes the looks of things and says that the fans of this city will sit back and take notice when they see the team that is going to play on the Garden Island on the fourth in action. Inman will probably pitch while Harry Baldwin will be behind the mask.

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play a team composed of the ball tossers from the junior and freshman classes. Bill Inman, who is said to be the moving spirit in this new proposition, will do the twisting for the upper class team while Ernest Gay will be the man on the hill for the others, should a series be arranged. The second team has a number of games to play before school closes and this would keep a large number of the scribs cut of such a series.

The interest in swimming among the Kamehameha girls continues to grow as the meet with the Panahou academy mermaids, which is scheduled to be run off on next Monday draws near. With Miss Ruth Stacker swimming on the academy team it looks bad for the Kam girls, but the latter feel that by taking some of the freakish races, such as the walking event, tub, and skirt and "bonnet" race they have a fair chance of equalling on the long end of the score. The Panahou girls won their first meet with McKinley by a score of 4534 and are out for another victory. They will swim the Hui Au Kai team a week or so after the meet with Kamehameha. Both will be held in the Panahou tank.

The last time J. C. Wine, the Puns' official baseball scorer, marked the batting averages of the Panahou men, Ernest Gay and Inman were tied for first place with a little over .400. Inman has batted like a fiend throughout the past series and has a number of long hits recorded in the score book. Gay has done his good work in the last half of the series. In one game he was at bat six times and made five hits.

There will be two games played in the reserve series this afternoon. Panahou will meet the McKinley men for the second time this season and the Mills will meet the Saints once more. The former will battle on Makiki field while the latter will probably play at Aala park. The McKinley team has been showing strength of late, and its supporters like the looks of things. Brash will pitch and a strong infield will be on hand to hold all that the Puns can knock. With not a defeat against them the academics are not going to let the high break their record in the game this afternoon. Austin will probably pitch. St. Louis defeated Mills easily in the first game between second teams, and the former men are out to repeat their first performance.

The youngsters of the Panahou Prep. are holding a lively game daily in an inter-class baseball series. As can be expected the eighth graders have one of the strongest teams and have taken all before them so far. The seventh are coming ahead fast and will give their upper classmen a hard run when it comes right down to the big game. "Sleepy" Baldwin's team has proved one of the strongest so far and promises to be right in the race for the school championship.

## WHITE HEAVIES POSTPONE THE GREAT INVASION

By JAMES J. CORBETT.  
(By Latest Mail)  
NEW YORK.—Invasion of Europe by our leading white heavies has been postponed for the time being. Gunboat Smith, who, we are told, has signed for bouts with Sam Langford and Georges Carpentier, is still with us, and probably will be all summer. Jim Coffey, another would-be traveler, has also decided to stick around a while longer. Coffey, according to the newspapers, was to have boxed Bombardier Wells in London early next month.

Opposed to Mixed Bouts.  
It is announced that the Langford-Smith match was called off by the promoters because public sentiment in England is against the mixing of the whites and blacks in the prize ring. What was the reason for the cancellation of the Wells-Coffey bout dependent saith not.

Of the trio of heavies who were extensively advertised for foreign trips only Frank Moran threatens to keep his word.  
And for a time it looked as though he, too, had changed his mind about meeting Jack Johnson next June. According to reliable authority, Frank was on the verge of a break with his manager, Dan McKelrick, and had practically called everything off, when "Silent Dan" Moran, representing McKelrick, who is still in France, had a talk with Moran and adjusted matters to the satisfaction of the Pittsburgh fighter.

Gunboat May Box Willard.  
Since the Gunboat is not to go to England after all, there is a chance that he will box Jess Willard in the near future. Certainly if the match is not made it will not be Willard's fault. The big fellow says he would rather box the gunner than any other heavy in the country, and I believe him.

Willard has improved a great deal since that 20 round go with Smith in San Francisco a year ago, and if there is a man among the white heavies who figures to beat the Gunboat now, big Jess is the one. He has been hop-scotching about the country the last few months picking up a purse here and there, but complains that it is hard to persuade any of the so-called "hopes" to meet him. No one appreciates more than he the class of the men he has been boxing is not of the highest, but Jess says that the fault is not his. He would prefer such men as Smith and Moran if they could be induced to box him.

McCoy to Box Murray.  
Billy Gibson says Al McCoy will positively box Billy Murray at his new Stadium A. C. on May 21. Billy had set the date for May 14, but both men requested a longer time to prepare for the battle, hence the postponement.

May 21 will therefore be a great day for the Irish in this section of the country. McCoy, whose name is Rudolph, is a German Jew, and they tell me Murray is a Spaniard. Can you beat it?

If McCoy can trim Murray his stock will take a sharp rise. At present there are few who believe he is the "goods." But if he can put it over on Murray as he did on Chip, or even win decisively on points, he will not lack supporters.

But before McCoy can justly lay claim to the championship he will have to prove his right to that title. There are several others in the running besides Jack Dougherty's "champion," among them such clever birds as Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGorty and Mike Gibbons. Clabby and Gibbons can easily fly well under the so-called 158 pound limit. Whether McGorty can make so low a weight, however, is a question.

Campi Makes Good showing.  
After watching Eddie Campi scamper through ten rounds with the clever Young Fox of England, one can easily understand why Californians planned their faith on the youngster to beat Kid Williams recently. Campi is the speediest youngster seen around here in a long time. Young is no slouch himself, and is one of the cleverest of the many clever little fellows England has sent us in recent years. Local experts figured him to hold his own, at least, with Campi, and were hardly prepared for the startling exhibition the speedy California youngster made.

If there is anything lacking in Campi's box of tricks it is a punch. If he has one he failed to show it in the bout with Fox. But for that matter he did not need to knock the English boy out to satisfy the crowd that he is one of the classiest bantams ever seen here.

Coulton Has Work Cut Out.  
Looking forward a bit, we can see that Johnny Coulton is going to have a rough time of it defending his title against Kid Williams next month. Any boy who can stop Campi in 14 rounds is a dangerous fellow to tackle. While Johnny is a great little fighter when right, it is doubtful if he will be at his best when he boxes Williams. The champion has been in poor health for more than a year, and has not been seen in the ring for a long time. After the long spell of idleness it seems poor judgment on his part to take on Williams before trying himself out with some less formidable antagonist.

The British government thanked the state of Virginia for its offer to present a copy of London's bust of George Washington to the British nation.

How They Stand

AMERICAN LEAGUE. (Standing May 26.)			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Washington	19	12	.613
Philadelphia	17	11	.607
Detroit	20	14	.588
New York	15	12	.556
Boston	14	15	.482
St. Louis	15	17	.468
Chicago	16	19	.456
Cleveland	10	22	.312

NATIONAL LEAGUE. (Standing May 26.)			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Pittsburg	21	8	.724
New York	15	11	.577
Cincinnati	19	15	.558
Chicago	17	19	.472
Brooklyn	13	15	.464
St. Louis	16	20	.444
Philadelphia	12	15	.444
Boston	9	19	.321

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